

THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER 1966



To All The
Students
of
P. H. S.

Merry
Christmas

Sears

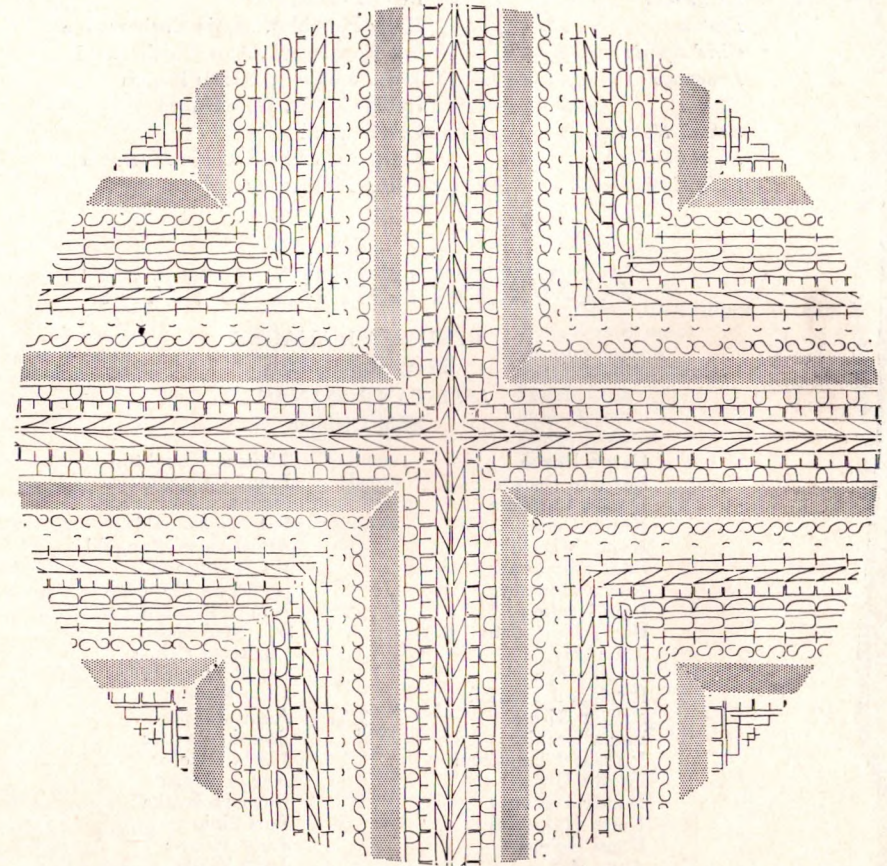


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PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

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DECEMBER 1966

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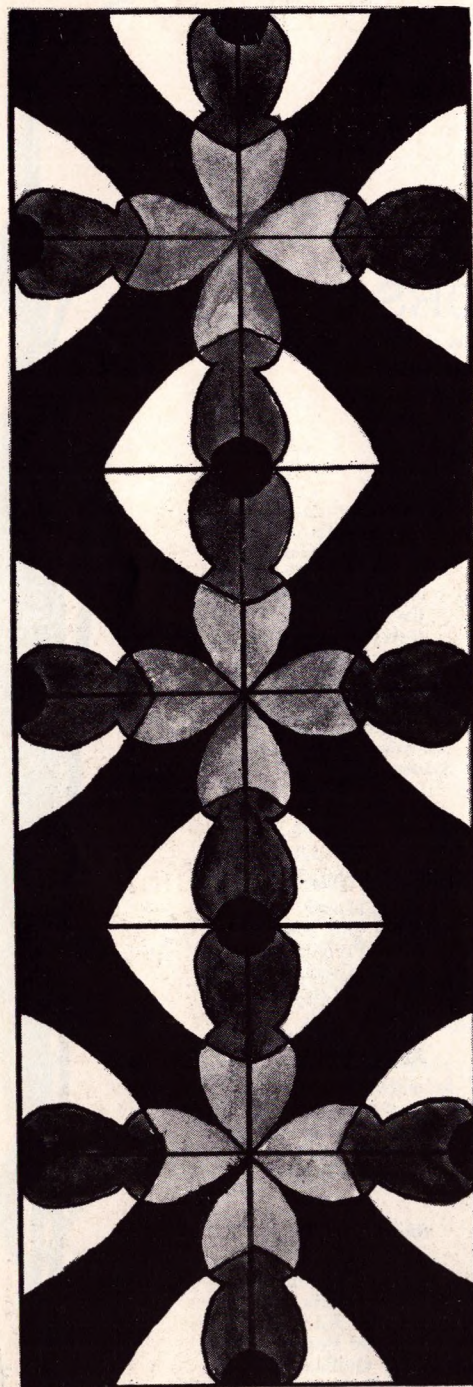
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LAW CAN'T OUTLAW

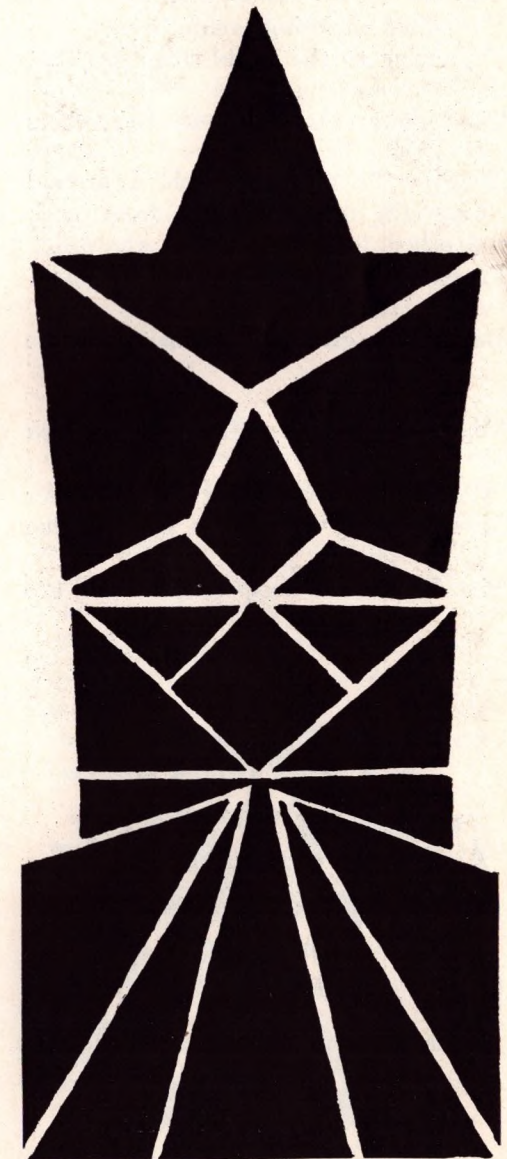
PREJUDICE

WITH THE advent of the atomic age came the agitation of minority groups for equal rights. Previously held attitudes were brought out for re-examination. Many important laws were passed that banned discrimination because of religion or race in education, in job opportunities, and in travel.

We now question whether this legislation has outlawed discrimination, whether it has outlawed prejudice. Certainly laws can outlaw the result of prejudice which is discrimination in many fields. However, the cause of prejudice, the actual emotion, pre-judging without facts, is indeed a difficult area to permeate. Prejudice is something that is learned either through conflict or some harmful experience. A person may unconsciously mirror the prejudices of his relatives or friends. Laws cannot outlaw these feelings. It is folly to expect our courts to defend us from people's emotions, for this is not their work. But we can expect our courts to protect us from the wrongdoings which result from these emotions.

What then is the answer to the above problem? It is a two-fold solution. It takes time for a person to recognize his prejudice, and this is the first step in overcoming it. It takes time for resentment and prejudice to work out, and for good feelings and compassion to work their way in. In the meantime education can play a most important role. Research has shown that the person who is not educated is the most bigoted. If a person is educated, he is capable of understanding and therefore overcoming his prejudices. Reason rather than emotion must be our approach to the problem.

We have great advantages living and studying in Pittsfield. But we must not



Susan Toplitz

congratulate ourselves on these advantages, we must use our energy and go outside our confines in dealing with the problems that result from prejudice—for prejudice is contagious and we must not catch it.

Kaleidoscope

Together the colors spin brightly around
Folding, enclosing each other
Expressing to the world some joy that
was found,
The yellows, reds, pinks—all are brothers
Together the colors spread slowly around
Overlapping, separating from each
other
Frustrating quietly—a problem was
found,
Dark blues, greens, and violets—all are
brothers.
Together the colors stop suddenly with
a bound
Suspended yet sticking to each other
Mourning the death of a broken blue
piece of glass,
The blacks, browns, purples—all are
brothers.

By Linda DelGallo, '69



Sue Connors

THE WORLD OF KALEIDOSCOPE

By Michael Pezzo, '68

IN A BRIGHT world of darkness, a thousand trumpets blared noise directly into my ears, yet I heard nothing. Images of reds, whites and blues frolicked before my eyes, yet all I saw was light and dark shadows. I began running furiously, but went nowhere. Buildings tumbled silently to the ground and feathers fell noisily upon the ocean. A thousand people crowded a solitary man into a brief case, while a thousand eyes stared and saw nothing.

Dust storms upon the ocean coincided with a snowslide upon the desert. Blind men watching these strange things merely closed their eyes; deaf men hearing the noise covered their ears; dead men ran fiercely, but advanced nowhere. The sounds of electric guitars produced from trumpets and the percussion of drums escaping from the strains of violin chords resulted in a symphony which none heard.

Cascading colors splashing towards a vortex of illusions near the center of this round box. Falling, falling forever downward reaching no end in this progression.

Poems unrhymed, stories without a beginning or end, music absent from sound might fill this world. Seconds become hours, and hours but minutes. You are lost in time, yet trapped within a few seconds' span. First, you're an old man, then you are young . . . A woman approaches and speaking in a man's voice releases me from the unreal world encased within a kaleidoscope.

COMPLEX INFINITY

By Rob Robinson, '69

DO YOU ever get off this whirling world and forget your problems? Cast off the rat-race of routine and let your mind wander through its vast reaches of thought. Consider with me for a moment a question my mind has run upon; what is time? Time would seem to gather in three categories; memories, striving and hopes—past, present, and future.

This odd triangle; remembering yesterday, toiling for today, continually moving toward tomorrow. What is the nature of time—is it no more than a slow, grinding duration of life? Or does time have a more intricate composition, an all-encompassing influence in the trackless realms of the universe.

Our world is one of rapid scientific achievement, still time remains taken for granted. Time—an indescribable "thing" that always has been and always will be. Time—a weird slice of infinity. How can you account for so puzzling an enigma? Dwell with me a bit longer in the twilight zone of thought,

Time remains in a never ending state of present, yet it is always grasping beyond the "now"; moving like a slow rolling pendulum forward. Sixty seconds, twenty-four hours, twelve months—six billion years of tireless, infinite time.

How small, how meaningless is the life of one man or the lives of all the world beside the silent duration of time. Time—watching a civilization crawl out of a desolate wilderness, flourish, erect a magnificent culture and then fall back into the arms of her maternal dust. Forgotten

and silent, unknown but lasting, time has seen all.

What is the secret of time? Does that ethereal and long-sought dimension of time exist? Poets, dreamers, writers, and scientists alike, all have pondered the possibility of a time barrier. A state of being, where present, past, and future unfold like the pages of a living history book. A crude, primitive being, struggling for existence; to a race of beings that master the universe. The story of man in a huge labyrinth of living phantasms. What a marvelous story the awesome time-dimension would present to man. Alas, will it ever be found? Only time will tell.

While whirling in controlled orbits around the world, velocity exempts the astronauts, for a while, from the process of time. Would extended voyages in space hold time in the balance for the astronauts? Strange unicellular organisms have been frozen into a suspend state of life. What great secrets may scientists discover in the mystery of suspended animation? Man will never stop the restless clock but a remedy for its aging effects may soon come to light.

Now your mind may return from its wandering. Your strange thoughts may escape back into the twilight zone. The world around you has been ever moving since our queries into your mind—you must catch up with that world again. Time and all its mysteries will be answered by man, someday. Let your mind wander, it is refreshing. It is the *abstract* that emerges from the blue distance of the mind, it is the *abstract* that holds the key to time and all things.

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IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS

By Edward Karam, '67

THE WEATHER was cold and drizzling the week after Thanksgiving, and the streets were slippery and slushy. Hundreds of people moved along the streets, jostling each other, clutching big bundles, passing and repassing the same stores. Men and women in weatherbeaten red cloaks stood ringing bells for the Salvation Army while someone on a scratchy record sang carols. In the large department store an ancient minister stood watching the fall displays being dismantled and the brilliant Christmas decorations being put up.

"Careful with those dummies, they cost plenty. Where's that aluminum tree? Oh! Well, put it over there on the far side and put those revolving lights in front of it. That's the spirit. The boss says if we get all this done today we get a nice bonus. Did you find the wax holly? Don't bend that cardboard Santa! Watch out you don't waste the artificial snow; just sprinkle a little around there. Can't you guys hurry? Newberry's has already got their decorations up. We don't want to be last."

The minister turned and wandered down the aisles, browsing, and stopped at one of the counters near the personnel office. The door was somewhat ajar, and inside a dapper, bald executive was informing a rotund Santa as to what his job would entail.

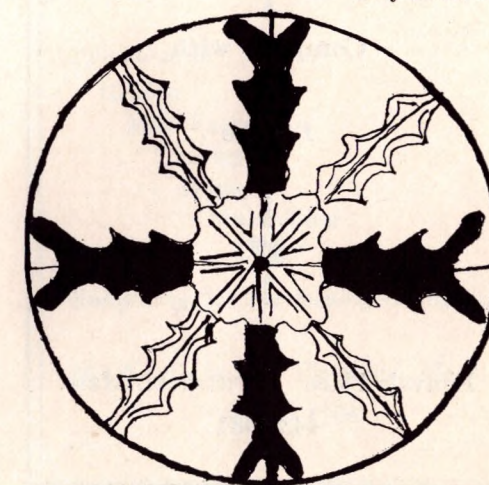
"First of all, the kids will be filing through this display which looks like Santa's workshop. You'll be sitting in a chair and you'll take the little tykes on your knee. Then you ask 'em if they've been good, because if they haven't, Santa might not visit 'em on Christmas Eve. Then ask 'em what they'd like for Christmas, and assure 'em that you'll remem-

ber. Now, before you let 'em go, be sure and suggest that maybe Mummy'll let 'em look around the store. That's about it. We'd better get on to the display; we've lost half a day's business already. Here's your beard. By the way, let's hear you laugh."

As Christmas drew nearer, more people were shopping and the stores became more crowded. The displays in all the stores were glistening and gaudy. White, green, and red were everywhere. The customers bought aluminum trees, shiny ornaments, boxes of tinsel, and strings of colored lights. The aisles were jammed with people deciding what to buy. The minister stopped in the book section to browse, and could not help overhearing a couple in the corner discussing their purchases heatedly.

"I tell you, Marge, Joey told me he wanted a camera case which converts into a combination rapid-fire submachine gun—automatic pistol—flame thrower—blowgun, which can fire poison darts or gas pellets. Now why'd you go buy him

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a complicated *Monopoly* game? He's only six years old."

"Now listen to me. He's gonna like this game, and besides, it's educational. *Monopoly* teaches him to think for himself, develop an analytical mind, and it combines mathematics with economics and real estate. You can't expect him to stay little forever. So! . . . What've you got there?"

"Some water colors for Jane's kids."

"What! You got them presents when we've still got to get Joey a dump truck? Let's think of our own kid before we go splurging on your sister's kids. Besides, last year our present to her kids cost three dollars more than the one they gave Joey. Christmas is nice and all, but let's not get carried away."

The crowds of people bundled in their fur and woolen coats flooded the aisles, looking, pondering, buying. All had ruddy complexions and displayed pleasant miens in keeping with the festive season. With all the people shopping and browsing, the old minister met one of his parishioners.

"Why, Father, I haven't talked with you in so long, even though I see you every Sunday in church. I see you've been shopping. Aren't all the decorations just lovely? And everyone is just brimming with the Christmas spirit."

"It certainly seems so, Mrs. White. But I can't help thinking that the true significance of Christmas, the birth of our Saviour, has been lost in the shuffle. Everyone seems more preoccupied with Santa Claus and shining Christmas trees and getting presents, instead of giving them. And all the stores seem to be competing to make the most money from this joyous day," he added sadly. "That's not the real spirit of Christmas."

"I completely agree. Everyone's got

the *wrong* spirit. They forget that Christmas is a religious holiday. You know, I always remember to put up a Nativity scene every year at Christmas. It's one my cousin sent me from Germany when he was stationed there, and it's really beautiful. He got it for only \$5.95, a real bargain, because it's worth a lot more. Well, Father, I really must go. It's been so nice talking with you. Merry Christmas!"

The minister was silent a few moments, and then, almost inaudibly, he replied "Merry Christmas." As he walked out of the store it began to snow, and he heard someone, somewhere, singing *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*.

Memory

I hear your voice, the howling wind
Echoing in the darkened caverns of my
mind
As you pierce my soul with the sound of
words unspoken.

I feel your touch, the gusty wind
Upon my face, ice cold upon wet cheeks
Blurring my eyes now blind to all about
me.

I taste your breath, the sighing wind
Acrid smell so sickening in my nostrils
Burying sweet smell of spring's fresh
orchids.

And yet I cannot see you, oh unrelenting
wind
Following me more closely than my
shadow
As you haunt with silent footsteps day
and night.

Your prisoner in the jail of life am I.

By Anne Marie DeFelippo, '67

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KALEIDOSCOPE

By Susan Termohlen, '68

IT HAD been a birthday present for Timothy Myers and the most exciting thing he had received. Now it lay untouched on the dining room table. No one dared to touch it. It was an evil toy.

The kaleidoscope held special powers over the Myers' family, for it did as nothing or nobody else could do: it told the future. With their myriad hues, pictures were made that held some significance to an event in a member's life. At first, the relationship between a prediction and the actual happening was regarded as a strange coincidence when the initials A.L. were written and later they were visited by their Aunt Lil, who hadn't been to see them in over six years. Then later, when a crutch was formed, little Billy fell down the stairs and broke his leg. The incidents were tried to be passed off lightly. How ridiculous to think that a mere kaleidoscope could know anything? But fear began to dominate their lives after the toy had repeatedly prophesied the events of the household.

This morning, the kaleidoscope had formed a skull and cross-bones. Terror froze their joints and they stood awed, dazed. Paralyzed, they silently waited and the shrouds of Death began to blot out their sunlight.

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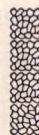
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THE ASTRONOMER'S KALEIDOSCOPE

By Carl Greenberg, '69

TO AN astronomer, "telescope" is synonymous with "kaleidoscope." He sees through his telescope things, which to him, are far more beautiful and interesting than the colored and ground bits of glass contained in a simple kaleidoscope.

Maybe this is because he is seeing creations of nature such as the pock-marked moon, the "red planet" (Mars), the large bright pearl called Venus, the rainbow-ringed sphere of Saturn, and

other planets. He observes the performances of comets with their huge, whipping tails, the fiery paths of meteors, the giant prominences and spots of our life-sustaining sun. He watches asteroids, many stars of many colors, gaseous nebulae, galaxies of all shapes, and quasars of fantastic sizes.

He also sees, however, man-made objects such as satellites of all descriptions, and manned spacecraft. He is no doubt awe-stricken when he sees what his own kind have done. It is, indeed, something to think about when a woman can see her husband going by like a star as Mrs. Edward White did.

An astronomer's telescope does show more than a regular kaleidoscope; it shows nature's cosmos and the inventions of man, a creation of nature who is endowed with so high an intelligence that he, also, can create.

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UNCERTAIN SUNRISE

By Matthew Phelan, '67

WHEN MY years on earth were few and my days composed of bubble-gum and scraped knees, I thought as a child; which was all well and good. My desires found satisfaction in the chocolate layers of a birthday cake or under the sparkling boughs of a Christmas tree. My little world was bounded by a dead-end street, a white picket fence, and a quilted, feather-bed.

Never did I sit atop a rocky crag and ponder the enormity of life and my smallness. Never did I gaze up to a sky full of stars and wonder who had patterned them against the black-velvet. Never did I question; always, I blindly and blissfully accepted.

But swiftly came the time when tin soldiers marched to a musty trunk in the attic. The bull-dozers and dump-trucks with which I had constructed my cities of clay, followed the metallic tanks up the rickety attic stairs. The Hardy Boys retired to the bottom shelf and down came the works of Poe and that indomitable Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The game of statue was forgotten in contemplation of the real thing in the local museum. And, even as Christmas descended about me in its vanilla layers, my eyes strayed from the brightly wrapped gifts to the wooden manger with its painted figures.

What had those people felt, centuries ago, as they knelt in that tiny manger smelling of fresh hay and sheep and camel? What feelings had surged through them as they watched the labor of that saintly woman who was, bafflingly, still a virgin? What had they felt when they heard that glorious babe's first cries?

Curiously, I pursued the answers and, for the first time, opened my ears to the minister on Christmas Eve. I even sought the Bible references and found, to my surprise, a bottomless pool of knowledge, wisdom, and answers into which I dove head-first.

No longer did I accept; always, I questioned.

And thus, page by page, chapter by chapter, this book which is my life has rapidly become filled. It is part comedy, part tragedy, but never dull and never have I considered returning it to its shelf.

I have dabbled in love and in hate, in pain, grief, and in joy and my canvas is all the brighter for my experiments.

And now, in the twilight of my years, I receive great pleasure in turning back the chapters to those first few pages when all was change and wonder. To when I awakened to glistening dew on emerald grass and to a world bursting at its seams with life. To when I realized that to live fully every second, every minute, is all we can ask for. To really feel every passing hour, and not let time slip heedlessly through one's hands, is achievement. Truly, there is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it . . .

Tomorrow is an uncertain term. It is an elusive lantern in a heavy fog. It should not be pursued feverishly but patiently awaited for, if the fog is meant to clear, then clear it will. And are we not all but fruit of the vine? Some of us to be picked when still green, others in the flush of ripeness, and yet others to be plucked when wrinkled and brown. And who, after all, knows when their harvest will come?

Yes, now that my limbs are as creaky as my rocking chair, I sit on my porch in the warm, afternoon sunlight and watch the children play. Vividly. I recall the

day when my young eyes were first opened to the world about me, as I hope theirs will soon be. It was like coming out of a hibernation, like the cold shock of icy water in sleeping eyes. Ah, how I remember that day . . .

We were camping out in Jimmy's backyard. For most of us, it was the first time we had ever slept under the stars and we had felt so proud as we marched up the street with our sleeping bags slung over our shoulders. We spread our sleeping bags out on the soft, mossy ground and watched the night come creeping around us. The night that was filled with such strange sounds and movements . . . Stoically, we swallowed our fears and bravely fought off the mosquitoes. One by one, my friends surrendered to sleep. But not me. No, I was going to stay awake all night and watch the sunrise. How beautiful it was to watch the golden sun peek over a purple mountain and send his rays to brighten a misty landscape, everyone said. And I was going to see for myself. Uneasy at the thought of being alone with the night, I finally conquered my fear and ventured forth into the woods. Instead of sitting and waiting patiently for the sunrise, I would explore a world transformed by the darkness. I climbed the elms, I chased a rabbit into his hole, and gazed at the glittering stars. Once, I tripped and cut my knee but it was well worth it. Quickly, the time came when the sun should be peeking at me from behind a mountain but where was his smiling face? It was nowhere in sight. I looked up and all that greeted my glance was a bedraggled puff of blackened cloud. Where was the glorious dawn? Was there to be none? No, today was going to be overcast and I had waited for nothing. Dejectedly, I sat down on my moist sleeping bag.



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Around me, my friends were stirring and I was still tired. A sudden thought cheered me up—I had not waited for nothing, I had had that whole wonderful night of fun and adventure while they were sleeping. I had made the most of every minute, and had enjoyed every minute. Perhaps if I had sat and waited for the dawn, perhaps then the night would have been wasted. But it wasn't. No, it certainly wasn't.

And so it has been throughout my whole life. I have lived my life to its fullest and have not waited for a sunrise which may prove disappointing. I have not sat idle in anticipation—I learned my lesson in time.

No waiting for me . . .

For the dawning was, after all, just a bedraggled puff of blackened cloud.



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FOR GETTING RID OF THE RED TAPE

By Robert Sandler, '67

SIMPLICITY has become of paramount importance in most aspects of American life. Architecture, fashion, food preparation and any number of other institutions have all been streamlined in the name of progress. One procedure, however, which has resisted change, and is present in its ultra-complicated, maxired-taped, multi-ulcer causing entirety is that of the college application.

There is, without a doubt, no other American institution that rivals or even approaches the college application for the ridiculous. In addition to making the unfortunate candidate write his name and address myriad times, the applications are notorious for such gem questions as "What abilities do you have which have the greatest potential for development at college?" or "What can you contribute to this college?"

Additional insight into the miles of red tape and mountains of various forms involved is afforded through awareness of the steps in the application process. Standardized tests with such New Dealish abbreviations as PSAT, SAT, ACH, WS, ACT, and NMSQT are designed to give the college an indication of the student's academic promise. Further information that is often requested involves teacher references, transcripts of marks, headmaster's recommendations, mid-year forms, and interviews. While one application is complicated in itself, it must be remembered that the law of Multiple Applications, which states that "The headache involved is equal to the square of the number of applications"

has been proven. Also to be taken into account is the General Law of Everything: "If anything can go wrong, it will."

Awareness of the problem is the first step in bringing about a solution. Actually one method of reform has already been suggested and is termed the *blink method*. The system involves a direct confrontation between the applicant and the director of admissions. The two stare each other in the eye until one party blinks. If the admissions official is the first to weaken the applicant is accepted, while the applicant is rejected if he blinks first. The beauty of the system lies in its pure simplicity. Gone are tests, recommendations, forms and interviews, as well as the long waiting period.

Obviously it will only be a matter of time before colleges will recognize and institute this much needed reform.

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TURKEY FARM

By Judy Quillard, '68

IT WAS Thanksgiving Eve—a black, dreary evening. I was sitting on my front porch thinking black, dreary thoughts about Thanksgiving. Christmas has presents and Santa Claus; Halloween has candy and the Great Pumpkin; Easter has candy and the Easter Bunny; so what does Thanksgiving have? Nothing. Nothing—except food. And I was on a diet.

Well, as I said, I was just sitting there thinking, when this little kid came from out of nowhere and asked me the way to the nearest turkey farm. He had on a heavy coat, hat, mittens, and boots and was dragging a blanket. I told him that if he wanted a turkey, he'd better find a supermarket, but he said that he didn't want a turkey, just directions to the nearest turkey farm. Obviously, he needed directions to the nearest funny farm more, but since the turkey farm was closer, just up the road, I took him there. I went with him for lack of anything else to do—I was curious to find out what he wanted at the turkey farm.

And I found out—the hard way.

On the way to the turkey farm, that kid told me this most fantastic story:

Every Thanksgiving Eve, in some worthy, honest, and sincere turkey farm, Tremendous Turkey appears, bringing toys to all good children. Then Tremendous Turkey and his sidekick, Capon, engage in their never-ending battle against the evil people in this world who are not truly thankful for all they have.

At first I thought the kid was putting me on, but he wasn't—he really believed in his story. I had to admit that it did have some very appealing characteristics.

By this time we had reached our destination, and cautiously we climbed over the wooden fence and crept across the field towards the turkey pens, their aluminum roofs reflecting the moonlight. We were very, very careful not to make any noise to disturb the turkeys. We hid in the slaughtering shed—the only unlocked building. My companion whispered to me that this was as good a place as any to await the arrival of Tremendous Turkey and Capon. I had to agree with him; this seemed to be a very sincere slaughtering shed.

I was beginning to feel a little chicken myself. I knew that if it had been light, I would have seen blood stains on the floor. I had once witnessed some poor, innocent turkeys being killed—being put in a machine that removed their feathers, then being hung by the feet and spun so all the blood rushed to their heads, and . . . Well, I was beginning to regret coming. For all I knew, Tremendous Turkey could have been the ghost of something that had been slaughtered in that very shed, come back to haunt the place.

The kid must have guessed how I felt because he told me I could leave if I wanted. I stayed. I have my pride, and no little squirt was going to make me look foolish. I even convinced myself that my teeth were chattering from the cold. I had worn a jacket and skirt, whereas Bright Boy had his heaviest clothes and his blanket. I persuaded him to give me the blanket and we settled down to wait.

We waited.

We waited some more.

We kept on waiting.

The wind was howling outside. Moonlight was streaming through a window, making scary shadows on the floor . . .

Sunlight was streaming through the window making a scary shadow on the floor. I looked up and there was the owner of the turkey farm; I looked around and there was no little kid or blanket. I struggled to my feet and began explaining.

I'm furious! I'm also grounded until after New Year's—way after. Each time I insisted that I wasn't lying about that little kid, my parents added a week. I'll be lucky if I get out of this house in time to make it to the turkey farm next Thanksgiving Eve!

Gray-Deep

The gray-deep hush of winter days,
Before the dawn has shed its rays
Is cold-somber, with little promise
In its sharp and bitter winds
That any light or happiness
Could lessen man's unfaithfulness.

But suddenly a glow appears
And darkness flees as beauty nears.
Heaven and hope slowly pink;
A new day starting with the wish
That man too can begin again
And form a perfect race of men.

By Jean Komuniecki, '68

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DESK CARVINGS

By David Furlano, '68

TA-TAAA! A new science has been born, and is due particularly to the genius of the P.H.S. students. Although persecuted and ordered under pain (especially painful by certain teachers) of death, these brave men and women have written down searching questions, short autobiographical and biographical sketches, and profound thoughts.

Where? In front of you! Look on any desk. On that little block of wood is inscribed the thoughts of an entire race. These desks have carried to hundreds questions, answers (hmmm?), telephone numbers, and marriage proposals.

An example of this most important science is:

Hi what's your name
Debbie yours (we believe in terseness)
Jack What period you here
3 you?
2 Wanna go on a date

This goes on for a few days, finally we come to the big climax:

oh Jack we can't go on like this
the teacher suspects (taken from
"Cliches for All Occasions")

We then leave them, until next period, when they shall meet again.

There are of course the usual sayings:
i am the greatest
me kill
Bob is a . . .

The petitions are of course present:
I hates english (sign here)
let's hang the history teacher
all opposed?
all for?

So, the next time your teacher tells you to stop writing on the desks or tells you to erase the ideas of others, leap out of your seat, in a strong voice (don't show

weakness or fear) tell her how important these writings are to our nuclear policy, and how the erasing of these works of art will destroy any hope of winning the Cold War.

Then, if you haven't been arrested for assault and battery because of your enthusiasm, get a good strong sponge, then through vigorous scrubbing and a lot of crying, you might be able to stay in the P.H.S.

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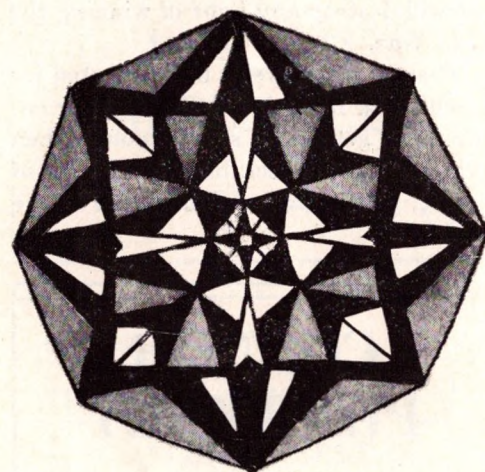
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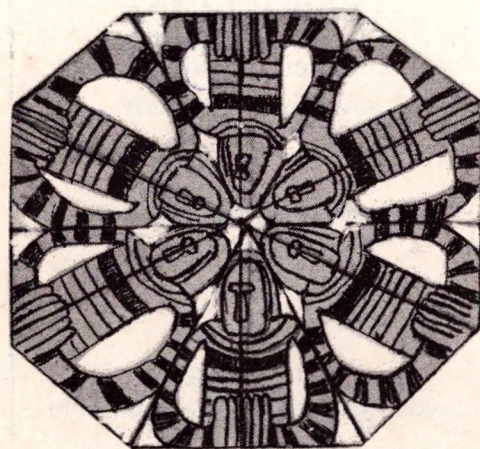


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twist it

torture it

add bright blues

rich reds

pale pinks

purples

browns

greens

turn it

twist it

torture it

an unrecognizable design

of murky, muddy color

a kaleidoscope design

mocking reality

By judy quillard, '68

Kaleidoscope

The fragments in my kaleidoscope are of
colored glass that will pierce your
heart.

And, their colors are of fear, hate, and
jealousy, offering no one any cheerful
warmth.

They form patterns when touched by
children, but run swiftly when men
near.

And, they do not comfort me with their
beauty if I am sad, for depression is
grisly

They will soon find, that all children
grow into men who laugh less often.

And, they will be made of cold glass that
will pierce your heart.

By Brenna Louzin, '68

The Tube

The colors—
They whirl and change
While I just stare
But wait,
I must see what's in there.

The tube—
It rolls and shines
While I crawl and crawl
But still,
I haven't seen it all.

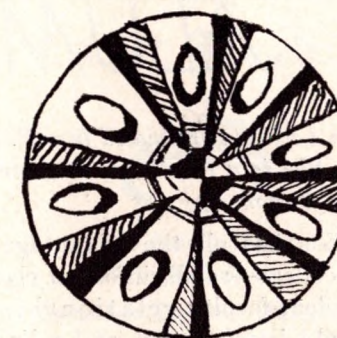
The colors—
They seem to come
From a world outside,
And yet,
On them I can ride.

The tube—
It never stops
To let me out
But,
Maybe there's another route.

The colors—
They never stop
They whirl and spin
Even so
I can't give in!

The tube—
It rolls and rolls
While I try to see
And look
I'm free!

By Laura Leon, '69



Judy La Barbera

In Winter's Fury

The ice laden branch

D

N S

E

B

As it must

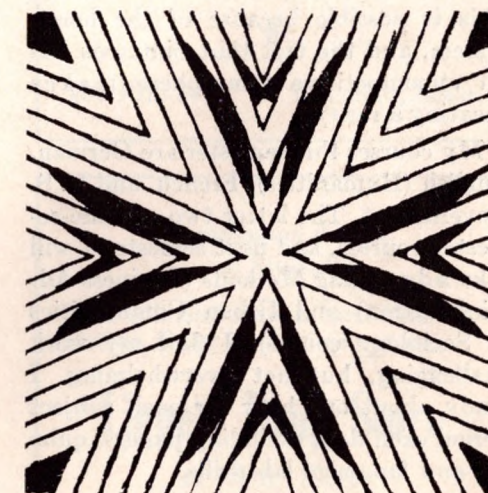
OR BRE

A

K

As it might
Under the pressures of its companions
Being friends or fiends as it were
Seeing him not as a branch but a forest

By Karen Downey, '68



Duane Cowan

ALUMNI NOTES

Carolyn Levinson graduated from P.H.S. in 1966. She is a Freshman at Simmons College in Boston.

Simmons has all the advantages of a small college—small, informal classes, close student-faculty relationships, a concerned administration, and a diverse, but close-knit student body. But, in a large sense, the Simmons campus is all of Boston, which, with its theaters, stores, museums, and many colleges, provides an atmosphere few other cities can offer.

Simmons is a small women's college, providing education in many career fields. Students do not receive a Bachelor of Arts degree, but rather they are able to receive a degree in the field that they have chosen.

One of the unique features about Simmons is its honor system. Students sign a pledge saying that they will abide by it, and it is up to them to do so. During exams, instructors leave the room, and students are free to take the test to another room or part of the building. This is possible because of the honor system, and the fact that Simmons has an uncompetitive atmosphere makes cheating a rarity.

My courses this semester are German, English (Humanities), French, and U. S. Government. The latter two are one-semester courses, and next semester I will take Advertising Methods (Business Administration) and Urban Communities (a Sociology course). I find my work challenging, but not overwhelming. I study about one hour for each subject period each day, excluding papers, quizzes and language lab drills.

My courses at P.H.S. prepared me

fairly well for those that I am now taking, especially languages. But few high school students have yet learned the most important essential of college life, that of being able to budget their time wisely. This is the first and most important thing I learned at College.

Carolyn (Cookie) Levinson

Having graduated from P.H.S. in 1964, Larry Levy is presently a Junior at the University of Michigan. He is in the Pre-med program and majoring in Psychology. Along with his regular schedule, he has a part time job as a psychiatric aide at Northville State Mental Hospital.

Although it is too late for seniors, it is a good time for juniors to be considering what they want in a college. There are many things that can be said for a small school. Some feel that they have smaller classes and can, therefore, offer closer teacher-student relationships. It is quite feasible for a student to know most of his fellow class members. Deciding and arranging one's schedule is much easier at a comparably small school than at a large one.

But the large schools still have a great deal to offer. An inherent characteristic of a large university is that it can normally offer a vast range of subjects that a person might never hear of anywhere else. For the undergraduate, who must find a profession to try to follow, this may allow him to find a profession custom-made to his ambitions and taste.

There are certain peculiarities of college life that become apparent in the freshman year. For one thing, it is the rare exception when two roommates find themselves ideally suited for each other.

Usually they discover that, while they may be great guys to know, they are murder to live with.

The University of Michigan has peculiarities of its own. Being one of the three largest universities (along with Berkley and Columbia) with a student population of over 43 thousand, registration is a monumental job. Students must enter the registration building at a very specific time decided by their small portion of the alphabet, armed with a previously planned schedule and second and third choices in case their classes are filled. Classes themselves vary strikingly. While some of my labs and lecture halls contained over three hundred students, one of my classes consisted of sixteen of us in a forum over coffee at the professor's house.

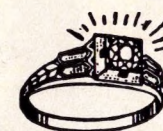
Traffic problems are immense, and cars are forbidden to anyone under seniors, though there are a number of exceptions made. Even so, there is a bus shuttle service at parking lots much like the ones at the World's Fair, because of the distances one may have to park from campus.

Expenses normally are the basic problem. The students are a captive market and prices tend to "Zoom." By the junior year, most students live in apartments and the scarcity of these allow the landlords to take advantage. There is a ten per cent mark-up on most food and merchandise, and if a car is available, it is wise to shop at stores serving "towns," or the local inhabitants.

There is a great deal of campus life at Michigan, with its athletic teams, coeds, fraternities, student action groups, and various cultural and social programs. Some may find themselves totally out of place here, while others will fit right in. It all depends on the person concerned.

Lawrence Levy

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Mike Zalutsky graduated from P.H.S. in the Class of '66, and he is presently a Freshman at Clark University. He is tentatively majoring in Chemistry, and he is a cross-country runner for the school's team.

The one principal difference between college and high school is the volume and complexity of the work offered. At college, it is recommended that a minimum of six hours be spent on homework each night, but no one I know seems to be able to finish in this time; a truer figure would be nearer eight or nine hours. This is not the kind of homework that must be passed in; rather, it must be done on one's own time by one's own initiative. Without this constant check from the teachers, some students tend to neglect their homework and become lax in their work, but these students usually develop a number of difficulties and may be forced to drop out.

What I have told so far may seem to be a dismal picture of college life, but if one manages his time wisely, he can combine an intensive program of studies with a few worthwhile extra-curricular activities and still have time for some campus and social life. With students here from all over the country and from other countries, one can make friends with people from very diversified backgrounds and differing personalities. Being located in Worcester, Clark can offer the advantages of a big city along with everything else.

Clark's small size enables the students to be on close relationships with their professors; this encourages a friendly atmosphere in the classroom. On Tuesday nights, we are allowed to invite a professor to dinner. At this time we can discuss personal problems and reach a solution.

Mike Zalutsky

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The Rector of Justin

In the past few years there have been a number of books—each trying to survive on the popularity of the previous one—concerning the life in American prep schools and the students and teachers of these schools. *The Catcher in the Rye* by J. D. Salinger and *A Separate Peace* by John Knowles are two notable examples. Another, more realistic and vivid, has emerged, *The Rector of Justin* by Louis Auchincloss.

This book is presented in a way different from the usual. Francis Prescott, the Rector of Justin Martyr, a preparatory school near Boston, is developed through the personal journals and diaries of his closest associates. A journal of Brian Aspinwall, one of the teachers at Justin, opens the book. The diaries of Horace Havistock, the headmaster's old friend, and Cordelia Turbull, the Rector's daughter, continue this amazing character study. Together, they build the life of Dr. Francis Prescott.

The author's writing is creative, concise, and clear. He transfers his emotions of respect and admiration of Prescott to the reader. His concise details provide for a vivid picture of his character and

make it as though such a person really existed. A man, complex, forceful, and devoted lived through the pages of *The Rector of Justin*.

Justin Martyr is an Episcopal boys' school about thirty miles west of Boston. It was Prescott's world, in which he was God. The school was his and was built in his image.

The Rector of Justin in its few years of existence has become a novel of much renown. It is a book worth looking into!

By Regina Olchowski, '67

FANTASTIC VOYAGE

The majority of today's science fiction movies tend to be unimaginative, hastily produced, and on the whole, poor forms of entertainment. *Fantastic Voyage*, based on a story by Otto Klement, quite definitely breaks away from this stereotype, presenting a welcome change.

The key to the success of this film must be attributed to the truly fantastic special effects created by Twentieth Century-Fox technicians. The difficulties involved in producing these effects were tremendous, yet the result shows a great deal of time, money, and imagination.

The story concerns itself with a miniaturized submarine, staffed with a group of specialists, which is shrunk and injected into the carotid artery of a stricken scientist. The scientist, it seems, has devised a method by which this reduction process can be prolonged to more than its present 60 minute limit. The crew must navigate the man's arteries in order to remove a blood clot from his brain with another modern marvel, a laser gun. The trick is to accomplish this feat in the allotted time.

A number of parts of the body are explored intentionally and accidentally, but at all times the sights are really in-

credible. The awe which the audience feels is compounded by the great suspense that is inherent throughout the film. This suspense is heightened by the fact that one scientist is an enemy agent, and is contributed to by an incident in which girl hemonaut, Raquel Welch, is attacked by antibodies. This is understandable since lovely Miss Welch is a pleasure for anybody, anti or otherwise.

The dialogue at times is extremely melodramatic in its attempt to philosophize. The words, however are not instrumental in one's appreciation of the film, and are not the thing that demand thought. The complexity and unbelievable precision of the human body at all times amazes the viewer, who, through these visual sensations, is forced to analyze and question what man really is. It is an entertaining and enlightening experience.

By Robert Sandler, '67

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Topic Originality

By Thomas Kaufman, '68

Have you ever tried to write a composition on the topics that are listed in English grammar books? It's a well known fact that the grammar books don't offer the variety of topics that a student would wish to write on. Glancing through the topics, a person is likely to get the opinion that the author considers the high school student a pretty dull person. What must the author be thinking when he offers topics like this to write on: "Qualities of a good babysitter," "A picnic with grandma," "How to tell time under water with a rusty sundial."

But what does the student do when confronted with an assignment of this nature? How does the student make up his mind on what to write? The answer is really quite simple. Take a coin. Now flip the coin, and call it. If it lands tails you get to write about, "That Luncheon Date With Ralph Ginzburg," If it lands heads, flip it again, best two out of three.

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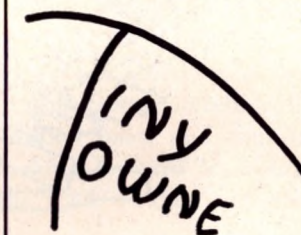
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Season's Greetings



GIRLS' SPORTS

Volleyball

For the past few Mondays and Wednesdays, junior and senior members of the G.A.A. have participated in after-school volleyball from 1:30 until 3:00. Because of the double sessions at the high school, sophomores were not able to compete this year. The round-robin games have been held at the Pittsfield Girls Club because the P.H.S. girls' gym is not available.

For two weeks, about seventy girls attended and just practiced. Then, six round-robin teams were organized; all six teams played each other. The varsity teams were then chosen. Each member of the winning varsity team received a letter.

Our thanks is extended to Miss Helen Forest, a member of the Girls Club staff, who is in charge of the volleyball games and who gives up two afternoons a week to help us. We also want to thank Jean Rocheleau, the student manager who has aided Miss Forest with the organization of G.A.A. volleyball.

Jay-Vee Cheerleaders

Friday, October 14, was the climax of two weeks of hard practice, sore muscles, and hoarse voices for the Junior girls trying out for the positions on the Jayvee Cheerleading squad of 1966-1967. During these two weeks, the candidates practiced daily under the supervision of the Varsity Cheerleaders, who coached them on their form. Nine happy girls were rewarded for their efforts, and they were Toni-Jo Blewitt, Jackie Blood, Joyce Cadorette, Janice Carnevale, Gale Lefkowitz, Kathy Frahm, Debbie Kleman-sky, Karen Salzarulo and Barbara Shein-house. The new Jayvee Cheerleaders

practiced every Monday and Wednesday in preparation for their first game December 6 against Springfield Technical at which Toni-Jo Blewitt was the captain. I'm sure we will all be looking forward to seeing them perform during the coming months.

Gymnastics at the "Y"

For the past month, the YMCA has sponsored a gymnastics program for senior high school girls. Under the direction of the "Y's" Leaders Club, the girls have been able to work on various types of apparatus, including the tramp, rings, parallel bars, and mini-tramp. We are looking forward to seeing more girls at the 2:30, Friday afternoon program.

Hayride

For its October event, the GAA sponsored three hayrides at the State Forest. About one hundred girls attended in all. While the girls traveled around State Forest, under a bright moon and in the crisp night air, they sang to the accompaniment of a guitar. After their hour ride the girls returned, some cold, some covered with hay, but all in full agreement that the hayride was a complete success.

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FEATURES

Christmas Wishes

Here are some suggestions for your
Christmas lists

Marilyn Buckwalter—an ooga horn and a
racing stripe for her helmet.

*Dave Lanfair, Gary Mazelli, and Tracy
Noonan*—A White Christmas and a
St. Bernard, complete with (would you
believe)—a keg.

Leo Gleason—one more study to sleep
through.

Kipper Padget—a year's (maybe two
year's) supply of walking shoes.

Typical senior girl—a color TV to watch
"Saturday Night at the Movies" with.

Donna Walsh—a flock of sheep with a
HERDER.

Ann Majchrowski—orange kneesocks to
match her orange sweater.

Nicky Maniatis and Tom Marrano—
Curl Free to straighten their hair.

Larry Hunt—a supply of excuses for
being late.

Fran Massamiano—a machine to in-
crease the supply of spitballs to meet
his demand.

The Cadettes—a new beat for the band.

Shaun Harrington—the other half of his
finger.

The Sophomores—Flashlights and bat-
teries to keep them from getting lost
on the way home from school.

Pam Turner—a WARDEN under lock
and key.

Jimmy McD—more girls on South Street

Mary Jane Walsh—a good reason for
having a painted street light.

Tony Jakacky—a smaller car because his
Corvair is too big for him.

Ed Foss—a chance to get rid of his
Atomic Pile.

Casey's Column

Hey fans, Casey is always extra busy
at this time of year what with Christmas
and all. You see, I help old St. Nick find
out who has been naughty or nice.

It must be the perfume Alane wears
that makes everyone know where she has
been . . . Whit and Cliffy are glad foot-
ball rallies are all over. Now they won't
be spending so much time writing their
speeches. Hey, is anyone for painting
the goalposts purple and white? . . . And
while the subject is football—Does Paul
Metallo have an "in" with Mr. McKen-
na? . . . Joyce thinks that Billy Farr
was issued the wrong football number . . .

Mickey Travers, an alumnus of P.H.S.
enjoys singing "More" on Elaine Dia-
mond's back porch . . . Doug Hebert
seems to be stuck on the third note of
the musical scale. Maybe someone should
help him out . . . JoAnn Mela has been
taking too many trips to a street on the
Pittsfield-Dalton town line. . . .

Mike Kitterman nearly lost his shirt
in history class the other day . . . Pam
Troy is frequently seen hanging out of
her homeroom window. It seems she's
hoping the Fog will roll in . . . Hey, Holl
says everyone is invited up to his new
social room on Bartlett Ave . . . Marc
Roulier can hardly wait til a year and a
day are over so he can have his bike . . .
Everyone keeps asking why Donne uses
water wings in a swimming pool. What's
the story, Donne? . . .

Well, Tom Marrano has finally an-
swered the question of the year. He has
decided that the exercise from walking
will do him good . . . See Dave, Barb
Geoffrian can be trusted? . . . The South
Street and Allendale Avenue boys would
like me to wish everyone a happy "How
we doing?" Be good, of course, and
don't break your leg on the slopes.

Sean O'Casey

New Year's Resolutions

Chris Locke—to speak less Frankly
Pat Koza—to become a "pro" badmin-
ton player

Joyce Martin—to be a *Seventeen* model
Sue Toplitz—no more "smashing" par-
ties

King—to flex his muscles only once a
day

Kathy Polidoro—not to cheer unless
everyone else does

Mary Beth Phair—to stamp out summer

Jim Curley—to ask one girl out at a time

Charlie Sacchetti—to leave the 40-yard-
lines behind

Anne Premerlani—to get an A in study
hall

Bruce Baker—to be real again

Barb Dastoli—not to chew gum in Mrs.
Schlawin's class.

Jeff P. Connor—to always have enough
gas to get around Silver Lake.

Pat Sacco—Not to ask McD for help in
poetry

Alane Guitian—to spray only when at-
tacked and keep her car doors locked

Chouquette—to get a chance to answer a
history question

Chris Parmelee—to come to school wide
awake at least once a week

Eddy Shepherdson—to keep the Flags at
half mast.

Terry Hanlon—not to skip *Dome* meet-
ings to go skiing

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WHO'S WHO

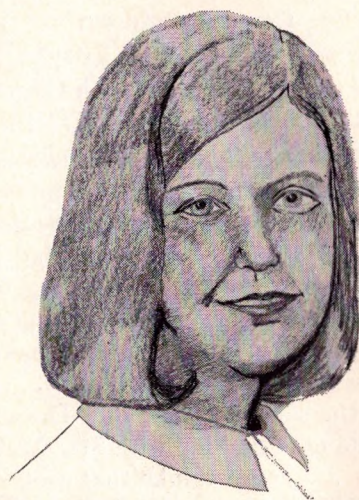
BARB BERSON

At almost any time, Barb Berson can be seen running around school with the photographers for the *Dome*. Being photography editor is a big responsibility, and Barb works very hard at it. The job requires a great deal of time, since she supervises most of the picture taking. In addition to this, she is a homeroom treasurer, a member of Writers and Illustrators, and the art staff of *The Student's Pen*.



LAUREL BURKINSHAW

Laurel Burkinshaw is one of the four National Merit Semi-Finalists who have brought recognition to Pittsfield High. This senior Honors student carries Advanced Placement Chemistry and Calculus, after graduation, she plans to become a doctor. Laurel is not only a consistent honor roll student, but she is a girl of many talents. She is the literary editor of the *Dome*, a talented pianist, a skilled seamstress, and a proficient skater.



TERRY HANLON

No student at Pittsfield High can better appreciate the great amount of work that goes into a yearbook than this year's *Dome* editor, Terry Hanlon. Terry was well prepared, however, for this hectic life since he was co-chairman of the Junior Prom Publicity Committee. This year, in addition to his work on the *Dome*, Terry is an Advanced Placement English Student, and an active member of the soccer team.



PAT FLYNN

There is no warmer or more personable girl roaming the halls of P.H.S. than Pat Flynn, whose friendly nature is shown with a ready smile for everyone. Known for her great spirit Pat has been recently chosen as vice-president of the Pep Club. Her popularity is further exhibited through her election as Girl's vice-president in both her junior and Senior years, as a member of the Student Council, and as a homeroom representative for the past three years.



CLIFF PERKINS

Cliff Perkins not only is a person of many interests, but also he is one of great success in them all. Athletically, Cliff serves as a captain to the football squad as well as being a member of the track team. Academically he was recently honored by being named a National Merit Semi-finalist. In addition to his many pursuits, he manages to do well in Advanced Placement Biology.



LOU MASSERY

Lou Massery is best known for being a quiet yet forceful leader. This characteristic has served him well during his two terms as president in his junior and senior years. He is, and always will be, ready to serve or help anyone. Extracurricularly, Lou has been a member of the track team and a three year man in basketball. His active schedule included being a delegate to Boys' State, and presently involves studies in both Math and History Honors.

Drawings by Barbara Berson

SCHOOL NOTES

Holiday Fashions

The annual fashion show sponsored by the P.H.S. Cadettes presented Tuesday, November 29, was, as usual, a tremendous success. This year's theme was "Holiday Fashions" showing sports clothes, ski outfits, coats and formal wear appropriate for the coming holidays. All fashions were furnished through the courtesy of The Textile Store.

The 90 models taking part in the show all worked hard to insure a success. "Practice Makes Perfect" was the motto of the girls who spent many hours rehearsing under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Silber. They learned correct techniques of modeling and Mrs. Silber also gave informative tips on charm and poise helpful to all girls.

Escorting the girls were the co-captains of varsity sports, senior class officers, *Dome*, *Student's Pen*, and *In General* editors, Student Council officers, and Pep Club officers. These boys added an entertaining highlight to the show.

This year's door prize was a seven day cruise for two to Nassau or the cash equivalent.

Writers and Artists, Attention!

Although some organizations have "gone under" due to double sessions, the Writers and Illustrators Club is functioning as usual under the careful supervision of Mrs. Delaiti and Mrs. Schlavin as advisors. Every year they have two projects to work on.

One is "Camenae." In the spring, the Club publishes their own magazine containing art work, short stories, and poems by the members. This year will be the third issue of "Camenae." In addition to this, the Writers and Illustrators Club sets up a display in the Berkshire Athenaeum. This exhibit also contains certain examples of the members' abilities.

A great deal of time and effort goes into these projects, but the Club is not all work and no play. The Tuesday meetings are informal as well as educational. Anyone who is interested in writing or drawing creatively is urged to join. It will certainly be time well spent.

Mary Kappenman

If you should see a small blonde whizzing down the hall, don't be alarmed; it's only Mary Kappenman attending to one of her many activities. As a newcomer to P.H.S. from Crosby, Mary, a junior in the College Prep course, has really made her mark. This year she is doing an outstanding job as business manager for *The Student's Pen*. Last year she was associated with *The Pen* in the advertising department. These are not, by far, her only extracurricular activities. Mary has been an active member of the Pep Club for two years and has also modeled in the Cadette Fashion Show. Athletically speaking, she has been a part of the G.A.A. for two years. On the whole, she enjoys almost any kind of outdoor sport; her favorites seem to be gliding down a snowy white slope on a clear winter day and dribbling a basketball all over a court.

Aside from school and her part time job, Mary has been looking into furthering her education. Although her plans are not definite as of yet, she has been considering Connecticut College and thinking of majoring in Psychology.

P.H.S. extends hearty CONGRATULATIONS to Mary as the new business manager of *The Pen* and hopes that she'll continue to do as fine a job as she has been doing.

Student Council

The Student Council begins a new year of activity under its capable president, Shaun Harrington. Assisting Shaun are the following newly-elected officers:

Donne Marchetto and Jimmy Whitfield, vice-presidents; Ann Barbalunga, treasurer; Mary Jane Walsh, secretary; and Cynthia Schultz, assistant secretary. Advising the group again this year is Frank Blowe.

This year the Student Council has established what is known as a Program Committee. Its function is to plan what the group should do during the year.

In the way of activities, the Council is proposing two amendments to the school constitution, one of which concerns when Council meetings should be held. More frequent gatherings are now being sought. The second amendment has to do with the election of Council vice-presidents. It hopes to arrive at a solution for situations such as the tie between the current co-vice-presidents.

The Council has chosen to follow last year's precedent and to undertake the task of modifying year end testing. It was a step in the right direction when last year's group attempted to do something really worthwhile for the student body. While the Council was not in the end successful, their work paved the way for future progress. It is heartening to see that this year's Student Council is also determined to function as an influential body, and to tackle problems that are both difficult and controversial.

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BOYS' SPORTS



A Rekindling of Spirit

By Ronald Goldstein, '67

On November 4, at Wahconah Park, a torch was thrown and suddenly arcs of flame shot upward to the sky. Huge logs and tons of wood were engulfed in a red and orange fire. Hundreds of students lined the perimeter of P.H.S.'s first modern day bonfire rally. The cheerleaders went through their cheering routines. The hundreds of students responded with loud shouts at a very fevered pitch. Everyone was ready to cheer the P.H.S. team on with great vigor. The enthusiasm of the student body was something P.H.S. has missed for the past few years.

This idea for a bonfire rally marks a great moment in the history of Pittsfield High School. It has been said that our

school, which has the largest enrollment of any other school in Berkshire County, has the least school spirit. The bonfire proved there is no lack of spirit on the part of the P.H.S. student body. Our students feel that P.H.S. is number one on any playing court and that our supporters are behind them 100% at all times.

After an unfortunate loss to Wahconah, did the students give up their support? No! They bounced back with such enthusiasm that everyone was overwhelmed. In the halls of P.H.S. flew banners and posters which gave moral support to our team. Between rally dances and student rallies, we at P.H.S. showed our true colors. The attendance at the games was tremendous, with throngs of students coming to support their team.

The winter sports schedule is coming with basketball, hockey, skiing and wrestling on the agenda. We hope that the spirit which has been rekindled at P.H.S. will help carry these teams to victory. When looking back, we must say that the bonfire rally not only relighted our emotions but also gave us a starting point for our future school spirit activities.

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Ten Thousand Cheer Tony on Turkey Day

By Mike O'Brien, '67

Around the Berkshire County area, very few people appreciate the talented athletes that have grown up right beneath their noses. In fact, many times instead of applauding a gifted boy, they prefer to jeer him, because he is the opposition.

In White Plains, New York, the place where the Pittsfield High football team played its last game, however, this is not true. In this contest, which was witnessed by over ten thousand fans in a bowl type stadium, attention was drawn to a certain halfback on the team that opposed the home club. But things are different in White Plains—much different. They

are as avid football fans as can be found anywhere, but they appreciate talent, and they let everyone know it. They're not too proud to admit that the other team has someone they would give their right arm to have, and on this most recent Thanksgiving Day they let the handful of fans from Pittsfield know that there was a player on the General's squad that the Empire Staters would love to have. It took only the opening kickoff of the game for the home town people to find their boy, and he was Pittsfield's halfback Tony Gibson. It was on the opening kickoff that Tony bobbed and weaved in and out of would-be tacklers 86 yards for a touchdown. Seeing this amazing demonstration, the White Plains people gave awesome stares at each other in utter disbelief. Shortly afterwards, this same player went off

tackle and galloped 59 yards to paydirt, only to have the play called back because of a penalty. Again the White Plains fans couldn't believe the sight before their eyes. The next time he went off tackle, he scored another tally, this one from eight yards away. But Tony's work was far from over. On the last play of the first half, Tony took a hand off and began circling around the right end. Seeing the pursuit had read the play, he promptly turned around, side-stepped a would-be tackler, and skirted the left end. Using his speed and nimble moves, Tony raced all the way to the five-yard line before the half ended. At this point, the White Plains fans finally came out of their state of shock, and as Tony headed for the dressing room, they gave him a cheer. This cheer kept growing louder and louder, until it finally turned into a standing ovation, with the New Yorkers yelling, "Gibson, Gibson, Gibson." Yes,

ten thousand cheered him on, as he meekly trotted into the dressing room for a well earned rest.

Not many from White Plains will ever forget the fabulous number 40 from Pittsfield, and the others who, like myself, had traveled to White Plains, will never forget the three years of spectacular running that Tony Gibson displayed while playing for Pittsfield High.

MOLLEUR BROS.

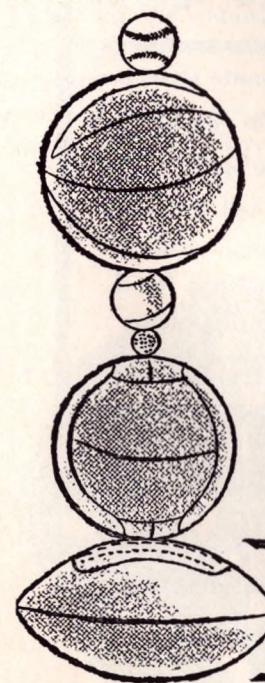
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What the Coaches Want for Christmas

By Joe Lyons, '68

It's the Christmas season again, and what else would the coaches at P.H.S. be doing but writing their annual letters to Santa Claus, pleading for a Merry Christmas and a very SUCCESSFUL New Year. Here is what coaches Frank Blowe of the hockey team, Joe Gleason of the football team, Ralph Gionet of the soccer team, Rudy Benedetti of the ski and track teams, George "Buddy" Pellerin of the baseball team, Frank Moynihan of the basketball team, Bob McGee of the swimming team, Billy Murray of the golf team, and George Sylvester of the newly formed wrestling team said when they were asked what they wanted most for Christmas.

Coach Blowe—Bobby Hull

Coach Gleason—11 lettermen next year

Coach Gionet—more corner kicks

Coach Benedetti—more Olympic prospects

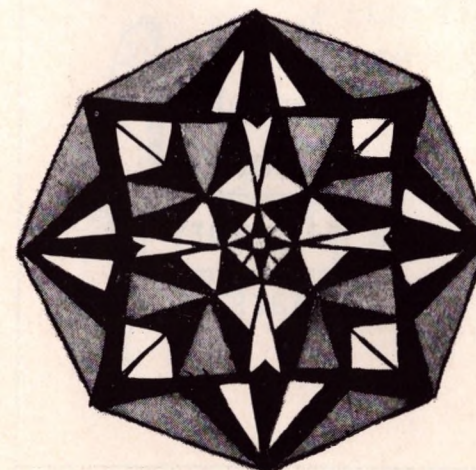
Coach Pellerin—another Tommy Grieve

Coach Moynihan—a stocking full of victories

Coach McGee—more boys trying out

Coach Murray—Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, and Jack Nicklaus.

Coach Sylvester—boys who weigh less than 95 lbs.



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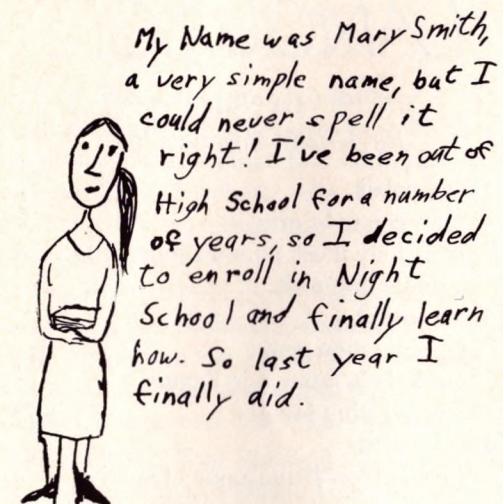
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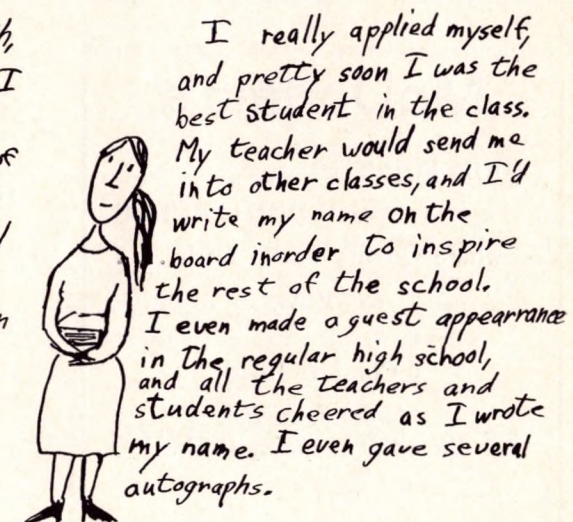
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My Name was Mary Smith,
a very simple name, but I
could never spell it
right! I've been out of
High School for a number
of years, so I decided
to enroll in Night
School and finally learn
how. So last year I
finally did.



I really applied myself,
and pretty soon I was the
best student in the class.
My teacher would send me
into other classes, and I'd
write my name on the
board in order to inspire
the rest of the school.
I even made a guest appearance
in the regular high school,
and all the teachers and
students cheered as I wrote
my name. I even gave several
autographs.



When the course ended
all the teachers said
that they were sad to
see me leave. The Mayor,
himself, gave me my diploma
while the entire faculty
beamed. The local paper
did a special story on me.
It was all very
exciting!



This year I'm back
in Night School, and I'm
still in the same course
with the same teacher,
and it's still to learn how
to spell my name.



It's not that I'm
stupid, or because I've
forgotten how to spell
Mary Smith.
It's because over
the summer I got
married...



to a Guy named
Boleslaw Avksentev!

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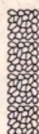
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LANGUAGES

La Nuit

By Kristin Tomczak, '67

Leve, soleil
mon coeur te crie
mon jour n'est plus un jour
mais une nuit.
Leve soleil
tu etais mon ami
tu etais la quand je l'avais
mais plus jamais
Leve soleil
je suis trop jeune pour etre triste
je suis trop jeune pour etre en amour
je veux le partager
Leve soleil
mon coeur te crie
je veux te voir
je veux sourire

Die Tpyische Frau

By Morris Kopels, '67

Fruh an einem dunkeln Morgen,
Steht etwas Schreckliches, nicht gut
geboren.
Was kann es sein?
Es ist nicht mein.
Nur eine Schrecklichkeit!

Es geht mit Augen halbgeoffnet,
Und Haar wie Bohnenstroh, ausgezeich-
net!
Was schleppt sich wie das,
Es ist so blass.
Nur eine Schrecklichkeit!

Schon kommt es bald herein;
Ich zittere doch ganz allein.
O, Gott, wie grau,
Es ist meine Frau.
Nur eine Schrecklichkeit!
An Fraulein Barbara B.
gewidmet.

Die Lausbuben

By Robert Graham, '68

Jede Klasse hat ihre Lausbuben. Was bedeutet Lausbuben? Sie sind die Menschen, die Leben ein bisschen schwerer für andere Leute machen. Alle Lausbuben denken, dass sie klug und clever sind. Hier sind Beispiele:

Der erste Typ zeigt sich am ersten Tag des Schuljahrs, wenn er zu seinem Lehrer sagt, "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" Er stellt nur dumme Fragen, zum Beispiel, "Herr Hall, wie sagt man 'ain't' auf Deutsch?"

Der zweite Typ studiert nicht gern. Er denkt, weil sein Onkel Deutsch sprechen kann, so kann er auch Deutsch sprechen. Also, wenn es eine Prüfung gibt, und er die Fragen sieht, wie "Wer ist denn dass da druben?" schreibt er "Ja, wer ist denn dass da druben." Wenn er die korrigierte Arbeit bekommt und er die Noten sieht, die er hat, schreit er "Was, 50! Herr Hall kann nicht gut Deutsch sprechen. Ich habe viele Deutschchen gehört . . . usw."

Der dritte Typ ist am schlechtesten. Er spricht in der Klasse und was er sagt ist immer dumm. Das macht er so oft, dass man es nicht mehr aushalten kann.

Wie ich gesagt habe, denken, alle Lausbuben, dass sie klug sind, aber wenn sie wirklich klug waren, wären sie nicht Lausbuben.

La Republica Mexicana

By Kristin Tomczak, '67

Mexico tiene cerca de treinta millones de habitantes, muchos de ellos de pura sangre india. Su clima es templado en las tierras elevadas del centro y caliente en el resto del país.

Aunque hay, muchos monumentos de valor arqueológico en Mexico, el país ofrece también, en sus ciudades princi-

pales, un aspecto moderno. En cuanto se cruza el Río Bravo, se encuentra un país diferente y simpático.

La capital mexicana, cientos setenta y cinco (7875) pies, (situada a una altura de) siete mil ocho, es una de las ciudades más hermosas del mundo. En ese capital es la magnífica Ciudad Universitaria. Allí, el turista va a encontrar muchos objetos artísticos que parecen baratos a las mujeres, pero algo caro a los hombres.

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